

countries though which he has journeyed. His auto-biographical sketch, "Ma Jeunesse," is one of the most spirited and graphic compositions he has ever written: indeed the only fault we have found with it, is its brevity.

"Finally, as a historian, our author has displayed eminent ability, as the work now before us abundantly testifies. Of course, the historical portion of the book is a compilation from the writings of others, as all histories of preceding ages must be; but that is thus appropriated has been made by the author essentially his own. Certain it is, the history of Gaul and France, from the earlier period down to the accession of Philip de Valois, is to be found in this work in the most excellent abridged form, and in the most delightfully interesting style, that we remember ever to have met with.

"In politics, Dumas is of the ultra-liberal school, and at least, that will be a recommendation to his work in these United States. The translator, speaking on this subject, says, in a preface remarkable for its appropriateness and good taste: 'The political theory of the work is original, striking, and beautifully developed; how far it is sound as to the past, and prescient as to the future, the reader and time must severally determine.' We fully coincide with the former part of this statement, and are forced to admit that, in Dumas' sanguinary hatred of Frenchmen, perfectly with his democratic theory as if it had been foreordained for the purpose."

The Charter Oak, in allusion to the above notice, says:

"This notice reminds us of a circumstance which occurred about a year since, on the Sound, in a steamboat. A respectable-looking colored man was driven from the breakfast table, which produced some excitement between the friends of caste and the lovers of democratic simplicity. As a young man who looked as though he might have been a southerner, began to speak of colored persons as fools and monkeys, and that God never designed to have white and black people sit at the same table, &c. &c., when a very gentlemanly looking Frenchman, about the middle age, asked him, 'Who writes the most popular papers in France?' Who writes the most popular novels in France? who has received this kind of literary honor? The young man was too illiterate to answer, when the Frenchman was great emphasis replied, 'ALEXANDRE DUMAS, A COLORED MAN.'" So it would seem the above is the same Alexandre Dumas. Wonder whether the editor of the Knickerbocker knew that Dumas was a colored man? and if so, why did he not record the fact? "Honor to whom honor."

CONSTITUENCY.

Not long ago, the Philadelphia Public Ledger inserted an advertisement for a runaway slave; this drew forth the following letter from our venerable friend Robert Moore. If every Northern were as true to his moral convictions, slavery could not stand before it another year.

PHILADELPHIA, Sixth mo. 10, 1841.

I have been a constant reader of the Public Ledger for several years, one or two short intervals excepted, and have generally been much pleased in its perusal, believing that no daily paper, so far as my knowledge extends, in the United States, is conducted with more, if so much ability, as this one. It shocked the other day, in seeing an advertisement in its columns, offering \$500 reward for a poor fugitive slave; a poor human being seeking for that right which the Almighty gave him, but which it appears he has been deprived of by a monster in human shape. This is what I never expected to see published in the Ledger, and is such an outrage on humanity and on the feelings of many of its patrons, as calls for severe rebuke.

I therefore inform the Editors and proprietors of the Ledger, that I cannot consistently patronize it any longer, without such an apology as will be satisfactory; is made for so gross an outrage. I leave others to judge for themselves, but in my humble opinion no consistent abolitionist can encourage papers—published in the free States especially—which are instrumental in placing or keeping their fellow creatures in bondage.

ROBERT MOORE.

N. B. This conduct of the conductors of the paper, is so opposite to the sentiments frequently expressed in its editorial columns, that it is truly astonishing, and is plainly illustrative that few, very few indeed, have a principle above bribery and corruption.

TRIBUTE TO CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

Extracted from the speech of John A. Collins.

"I take great pleasure to add my testimony to my brother Phillips's, in regard to one whose consistent and devoted course in Great Britain, I cannot use too strong language in describing. I mean Charles Lenox Remond. I have witnessed the activity and energy of his mind, the depth of his principles, the purity of his purpose. No one could have represented the colored people of this country more worthily. He has not wanted temptations thrown in his path to secure easy success there at the expense of principle. Invitations the most flattering and advantageous have been extended to him—yet he has never flinched; and when I arrived in England, he joined me in my labors, and we were sent to do the same. He was obliged to surrender some of his own engagements, and though he knew that intimately identifying himself with me would only provoke greater hostility, and bring fresh difficulties into his path. In the midst of all these sacrifices, I never heard from him a word of murmur or regret. I hope whenever his foot touches again his native soil, we shall all gather around him for his most cordial welcome—to give him the right hand of the warmest fellowship."

From the Friend of Man.

SOUTHERN CHATELAINS COMING NORTH.

We speak advisedly when we assure our readers that the slaves are coming north! They are not coming on foot, as heretofore, "fugitives from justice," but in companies—the whole gang of a plantation together! The slaves are coming north, and as so often predicted, will be found in our stores and banking houses, wherever trade and money making are known! We will own ourselves deceivers, if in less than six months there are not found more slaves north of Mason and Dixon's line than south of it! And do our readers understand this? It is now quite well understood that we are to have a General Bankrupt law. Its provisions must require the surrender of all the bankrupt's property, and the handing of his creditors. The South is at least semi-bankrupt. The North is the creditor. So soon, therefore, as the bankrupt law comes in force, at least one half of southern slave property must be consigned to northern creditors. *Thus the slaves are coming north.*

What significance is the passage of this law likely to give to the thousand times repeated question, "What has the North to do with slavery?"

INDIVIDUAL DUTY.

From a speech by Wendell Phillips, at the meeting of the Norfolk Anti-Slavery Society.

"We used to think the approbation of men who were thought to possess influence in the community, necessary to the success of the cause; that it was impossible for it to advance but by the approach of a certain class of men. Some, even now, may think that no resolution should influence our minds that it seems to them to be calculated to throw off a certain class of men. This is a fundamental error, and thence came anxiety and the temptation to sacrifice principle. It is by the promulgation of truth that we are to advance, and not by a reliance on men. Another great mistake we make, is, in thinking that we are sent to abolish slavery; and from it flow the same consequences as from the first. It was not sent to abolish slavery: it was sent to do its duty; and I must not expend my self in the consideration of consequences. I must do my duty, be the consequences what they may. I have now, or a thousand years hence, if clericalism will not come to me on principle, it is not my fault. When we are tempted by expediency, we ask ourselves whether the effort would be better on our cause to yield a little of principle for the sake of securing much co-operation, and consequently a speedy abolition. This disposition to yield springs from the abolition of slavery. But is that true? No! We are responsible only for the promulgation and living out of the truths that God has given us. As I go through the world, and behold the miseries of mankind, and the condition of society, I see it is wrong. Wages—capital—bad laws—bad government—show much to be said and done—much to be said and done, on all these! Am I to keep my mouth gagged upon any thing? Am I to keep my

culmination of consequences, the interests of one good principle may seem to be injured by the promulgation of another? It is not my fault that things seem to interfere with each other. I may go down to my grave, and the distresses of society remain unrelieved. But all I could do was done in doing my duty. New organization is nothing but this forgetfulness of principle, in the idea that slavery can never be abolished but by us. But I see that it can, and am content to do it, if it cannot be done in the exact course of my duty."

A. B. C. OF ABOLITION.

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATCHES.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. But the masters say the negroes would cut their throats, if they were emancipated. Answer. It is safer to judge by uniform experience than by the assertions of the masters, who, even if they have no intention to deceive, are very liable to be blinded by having been educated in the midst of a bad system. Listen to facts on this subject—

On the 10th of October, 1811, the Congress decreed that every child born after that day should be free. In April, 1812, the government of Buenos Ayres ordered that every child born after the 1st of January, 1813, should be free. In 1821, the Congress of Colombia emancipated all slaves, and provided for the emancipation, in eighteen years, of the whole slave population, of 900,000. In September, 1829, the government of Mexico granted immediate and complete emancipation to every slave, and provided, not on case of insurrection or of bloodshed has ever been heard of, as the result of emancipation.

In St. Domingo no measures were taken gradually to free the slaves for freedom. The slaves suddenly emancipated during a civil war, and armed against British invaders. They at once ceased to be property, and were recognized as human beings. Col. Mafra, who resided on the island, informs us, in his History and Political History of the island, that, "after this public act of emancipation, the negroes remained quiet both in the south and west, and they continued to work upon all the plantations. The colony was flourishing. The whites lived happily in peace upon their estates, and the negroes continued to work for them." General Lacroix, in his Memoirs of St. Domingo, speaking of the same period, says: "The colony, marked as by enchantment towards its ancient splendor: culture prospered; every day produced perceptible proofs of its progress." This prosperous state of things lasted about eight years, and would perhaps have continued to the present day, had not Bonaparte, at the instigation of the old French planters, sent an army to deprive the blacks of the freedom they had used so well. The enemies of abolition are always talking of the horrors of St. Domingo, as an argument to prove that emancipation is dangerous; but historical facts prove that the effort to restore the British and immediately proclaimed freedom to all the slaves. They were 85,000 in number, and the whites only 13,000. No disaster occurred in consequence of this step. More than seven years after this, the Supreme Council of Guadalupe issued an official decree, including to the tranquility which reigned throughout the island, observed: "We shall have the satisfaction of having given an example, which will prove that all classes of people can live in perfect harmony, and that the rights of humanity are secured justice to all classes." In 1802, Bonaparte sent a powerful French force, and again reduced the island to slavery, at the cost of about 20,000 negro lives.

In July, 1828, thirty thousand Hottentots in Cape Colony were emancipated from their long and cruel bondage, and admitted by law to all the rights and privileges of the white colonies. Outrages were predicted as the inevitable consequence of freeing human creatures so completely brutalized by the poor Hottentots; but all went on peacefully, and, as a gentleman facetiously remarked, "Hottentots as they were, they worked much better for Mr. Cash, than they had ever done for Mr. Leach." In 1829, they were, they worked much better for Mr. Cash, than they had ever done for Mr. Leach. In 1829, they were, they worked much better for Mr. Cash, than they had ever done for Mr. Leach. In 1829, they were, they worked much better for Mr. Cash, than they had ever done for Mr. Leach.

A. The enemies of the cause have tried very hard to get up a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" story; but even if you take their own account, they are wrong, that they have not been able to adduce any instance of violence in support of their assertions. The real facts are these: The measure was not carried in a manner entirely satisfactory to the English abolitionists. The knowledge of this, and the union with the practical evidence afforded by history, led them to conclude that immediate and unqualified emancipation was *safer* for the master, as well as just to the slave; but the planters raised such a hue and cry, and carried out such a reaction, that the British government determined to conciliate them by a gradual abolition of slavery. It was ordained that the slaves should work six years longer without wages, under the name of *apprentices*; but no punishment could be inflicted without the special order of magistrates. The colonies had a right to dispense with the apprenticeship system if they pleased; but out of the seventeen existing Indian colonies, only one, and out of the six African ones that chose to do so. The act of Parliament provided that each apprentice should work for his master forty and a half hours a week, and have the rest of the time to himself. The masters were not satisfied with this; and they carried out a series of vexatious, to coerce the apprentices into individual contracts to do work fifty hours in a week. While the people had been slaves, they were always allowed *chooks* to prepare their meals, a person to bring water to the gang during the hot hours, and to tend the little children while their mothers were at work in the field; but because the Abolition Act did not expressly provide that these privileges should be continued, the masters say to take them away. Each apprentice was obliged to go to the mill, and go, sometimes a great distance, to the cabin to cook his meals, instead of having it served up in the field; and the time taken up in this operation was to be made up out of his time. No water was allowed to be brought to the mill; the aged and infirm, instead of being left, as formerly, to superintend the children under the shade, were ordered out into the burning fields; and mothers were obliged to toil at the loom, while their children were strapped at their backs. In addition to all these annoyances, the planters obtained a new proclamation from the governor, by which they were authorized to require extra labor of the apprentices in times of emergency, or whenever they should deem it necessary for cultivation, gathering, or manufacture of the crop, provided they repaid them an equal time at a convenient season of the year. This was very much like a New England laborer the month of July, and paying it back to him in January. The negroes had behaved extremely well when emancipation was proclaimed, and universally showed a disposition to be orderly, submissive, and thankful; but the system of privation and injustice soon created discontent. They knew that they were to receive no wages, however industrious they might be; and they were well aware that their masters no longer had a right to whip them. A bad stimulus to labor had been removed, without supplying good in its place. In three of the colonies, the apprentices refused to work on the terms required by their masters. In Jamaica, a very small military force was sent into one parish, and only on one occasion, but no violence was offered on either side for the apprentices confined themselves to passive resistance—merely refusing to work on the required terms. In St. Christopher, difficulties of a similar kind occurred; but no outrage of any kind was committed. In one fortnight all the trouble was at an end; and out of twenty thousand apprentices, only thirty were found to be absent from their work; and one of these were supposed to be dead in the woods. In the colony of Barbadoes, the principal difficulty occurred. The aborigines assembled together, and marched round with a flag staff; but the worst thing they did was to beat a constable with their fists. It is a solemn fact that a few *hustings* with a constable are the only violence to persons property, that has been attended by the eight hundred thousand slaves emancipated in the British Colonies.

Even the difficulties above enumerated (slight as they were, and unworthy to be named in connection with such a great moral change) were but trifles. The governor of Jamaica, after five months' trial of emancipation, declares, in his address to the assembly, "Not the slightest idea of any interruption of tranquillity exists in any quarter; and the reparations which I have felt it my duty to make, might, without the slightest danger, have been dispensed with." By recent news, we learn that the planters, finding the system of coercion to be likely to be ruinous to their own interest, offered the apprentices 2s. 6d. per day for extra work. The entire Christian population prophesied that nothing would induce the negroes to work more than they were actually compelled to by law, and that the crops would perish for want of gathering. But the result proved otherwise. As soon as every thing settled, they came forward eagerly, and offered to do more work than the planters were willing to pay for. We have the testimony of one of their magistrates, that as soon as this system was tried, "their apparent indifference was every where thrown off, and their work carried on in a steady, persevering, and diligent manner."

Q. And how was it in Antigua and Bermuda, where they gave up the apprenticeship system, and tried immediate and unqualified emancipation? A. In those colonies not the slightest difficulty, of any kind, has occurred. The Antigua journals declare, "The great doubt is solved; the highest hopes of the negroes friends are fulfilled. A whole people, comprising thirty thousand souls, have passed from slavery into freedom, not only without the slightest irregularity, but with the solemn and edifying peace of mind, and every thing settled, they came forward eagerly, and offered to do more work than the planters were willing to pay for. We have the testimony of one of their magistrates, that as soon as this system was tried, "their apparent indifference was every where thrown off, and their work carried on in a steady, persevering, and diligent manner."

Communications.

A TRIP TO PENNSYLVANIA.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have just returned from a very pleasant, and, I trust, not an unprofitable excursion to Pennsylvania. My principal object in going, was to attend the meeting of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, which was held at Coatesville, on the 24th and 25th ult. We were there invited by one of its officers. On my way thither, I spent a short time in Philadelphia, where I saw and conversed with a number of the friends of the cause. If I could tell you one half of what I heard in praise of the Society, you would have abundant evidence, that, in Philadelphia at least, your labors are highly appreciated. If my disposition were at all anxious, I should certainly have been somewhat dissatisfied by the frequent comparisons of the Standard as it is, with what it was, under its former editors; comparisons, however, not so much intended to show that it was formerly worse, as that it is now better. While I most cordially assent to the justice of these comparisons, you will allow me to say, in justice to your illustrious predecessors, that, if the Standard was formerly more controversial than it is at present, it was because there were occasions for the exercise of combativeness which no longer exist. It was fortunate for you, that you came to the editorial chair after the battle with New Organization had been fought, and the smoke and dust of the conflict had, in a great measure, cleared away. The delightful harmony which now pervades our ranks is not less pleasing to me than it is to my fellow-laborers; but it should not be forgotten, that our present peace was conquered by the war which preceded it; and that, without that war, the Standard could not have been brought into being, nor its existence preserved until the present time. The calm which succeeds a moral conflict, when Truth has achieved a victory, is enjoyed by none so highly as by the hardy souls who have struggled manfully for the right, heedless of the shafts of the enemy and the "crucious doubts" and misgivings of honest, but timid and mistaken friends.

But I must return from this unprofitable digression. On Tuesday morning, August 24th, I took the cars for Coatesville, in company with our honest-hearted friend, Joshua Coffin, and father Shaw, of Vermont, a champion of the third party. If I had any talent for describing the works of nature, I might say much of the delightful region through which we passed; but, for a plain, unimaginative being, like myself, to speak on such a theme, in this transcendental age, would be the height of presumption. I will, therefore, hasten on to the meeting. It was held in the Baptist meeting-house, at Coatesville, a small village, about forty miles from Philadelphia. On reaching the place, we found a goodly number collected from different parts of the country; and when the meeting commenced, at 10 o'clock, the house was well filled by an audience which seemed to me to present indications of uncommon intelligence and a warm devotion to the cause of human rights. The Chair was taken by E. P. Penney, the President, supported by a female Vice-President, Esther Hays, a member of the Society of Friends. One of the Secretaries (Ann Preston) was also a woman, and Abby Kimber, one of the proscribed delegates to the so-called World's Convention, was at the head of the business committee. This free action of the meeting, with the other sex natural and spontaneous, and hardly excited a remark. There appeared to be no foreboding, as well of sex as of sect, which, to one who had often seen meetings agitated and convulsed by efforts to stop the mouths of women, was peculiarly agreeable.

As a delegate from our Executive Committee, and as an abolitionist, I was welcomed with a cordiality which made me feel at home, and which was the more gratifying, because it manifested a warm sympathy with the Parent Society on account of its past and present trials. The abolitionists of Chester county have ever been noted for their "clearness of vision," and their inflexible adherence to the cause, in its primitive purity and simplicity. When Whittier fled, and from that to discover and rebuke his unfaithfulness; and were the first to present, they have presented a bold and united front against those who have attempted to distract and divide our one harmonious ranks.

The first forenoon was spent in the organization, and in reading the Annual Report, of which I shall speak hereafter. In the afternoon, the first resolution brought forward was one drafted by Benjamin Shaw, in favor of the third party. It was presented out of courtesy to him, and, perhaps, one or two others, who agreed with him in opinion upon that subject. When, after an earnest discussion, which lasted till near the time of adjournment, the resolution was put to vote, only one individual, besides its author, voted in its favor. This will serve to show the feelings of the abolitionists of Chester county upon that vexatious question.

Before the adjournment, I was permitted, briefly, to present the wants of the Parent Society, in order to prepare the way for contributions on the following day. At the close of the meeting, I went to East Falkfield, where I spent a delightful evening in social intercourse, and enjoyed the hospitality of a warm-hearted anti-slavery family. Benjamin Shaw and Joshua Coffin remained at Coatesville, where they addressed a respectable audience, in the evening, on the subject of slavery.

On Wednesday morning, the subject of petitioning came up for consideration, and occupied considerable time; after which a resolution was unanimously adopted, expressive of sympathy with the American Society, and recommending contributions on the Dollar Plan. Opportunity being given, more than fifty subscriptions were received and paid, on this plan, and several gave their names as subscribers to the Standard. The feeling in favor of the American Society was as cordial as it was unanimous.

In the afternoon, Joshua Coffin interested us all by a history of his adventures at the South, some years since, where he went in quest of Isaac Wright, a free citizen of the North, who had been kidnapped and sold as a slave. You know that, for thus seeing the price of the good Samaritan, he was removed from the office of letter carrier in Philadelphia, the United States Senate refusing to confirm the nomination of the Postmaster, unless he would turn out of his employ a worthy man, with a dependent family, who had been guilty of the unpardonable

crime, in this free (!) country, of assisting a kidnapper to regain his freedom! I wish that disgraced and degraded body could have witnessed the righteous indignation which their conduct excited in the Assembly of honest-hearted farmers. When will the North dare to "take her freedom?" When will she rebuke her recreant representatives, who suffer her rights to be trampled in the dust by insolent and audacious oppressors?

After Joshua Coffin had finished his tale, a resolution was introduced, the object of which was, to place the brand of falsehood upon the doctrine, so ripe in certain quarters, and often put forth under a profession of Divine inspiration, that men ought not to engage in work of charity and mercy, in obedience to the humane impulses of their nature to wait in freezing apathy for some special revelation of the Divine will. In the course of the discussion, allusion was made to a kindred sentiment, which had its origin in the same quarter, viz: that abolitionists are taking the work of God out of his hands; he, being able to abolish slavery, will do it, whenever he thinks best. It was pertinently remarked, that it seemed not a little strange, that those who were so ready to trust God to abolish slavery, were not equally willing to leave him to take care of other evils; and particularly that they should trust abolitionism, and other moral enterprises, as if they were sins of such magnitude, that the Almighty could not manage them without their special assistance! *Is anti-slavery so much worse than slavery, that, while we may innocently refrain from any efforts to abolish the latter, we are required to expend our energies in denouncing and baffling those who are honestly endeavoring to promote the former?* The resolution was adopted with great unanimity, and I regret that I cannot furnish you with a copy for publication.

The meeting, on the whole, was a very good one, although there were no prominent speakers to thrill the assembly with their eloquence. I shall never cease to admire the warm zeal, the inflexible perseverance, and the calm trust in God, which were exhibited by many of our friends. It was permitted to form a separate committee, to be called the "Committee of Correspondence." Blessings be there all! It is by the faithful labors of such that God will carry forward our enterprise to its final consummation.

I alluded to the Annual Report of the Society. It was written by William Jackson, and characterized by candor and good sense.

The injurious effects of the law of Maryland, by which free colored people visiting that State are liable to be sold as slaves, were thus described:

This law operates with peculiar hardship upon the people of this section of the State, many of whom have occasion to go over the line on business, while others have friends and connections whom they may desire to visit. In the fishing season, in particular, a large number of colored people are desirous of supplying themselves with fish; and many have been in the practice of trading in that article to a considerable extent. These are deprived of their accustomed means of supporting their families and supplying them with provisions; and thus a portion of the natives of our soil, as much entitled as any other to the protection of the State, are seriously injured, and severely oppressed, without any charge or pretence of crime brought against them. It is therefore a subject which the Legislature of our State ought to take up, with a view of affording the requisite protection to this helpless part of the population.

We do not know that any free persons have been actually sold into slavery under this law, but there is much reason to fear that many cases of this kind are occurring. In the case of a free man, who was seized by a Marylander, and sold into slavery, the case was brought before the Legislature of our State, and the case of Louisiana without any opportunity being afforded her friends to interfere for his liberation. We know, however, that the law is not a dead letter. Several persons have been injured in the Maryland county of Cecil; and there is one now pending in the Court at Elkton, which forcibly illustrates the operation of this infamous enactment, and which cannot fail to excite the indignation of all who are not so stupid as to stand by for the oppressed. This is the case of a woman from the State of Delaware, who, ignorant of the provisions of the law, removed last spring into the State of Maryland to reside with her husband, Michael Kerr, who was reported a legal slave, but who was permitted by his owners to shift for himself after he had been worn out in service, and became of little worth from age and decrepitude. She was soon seized and lodged in prison, from which she was extricated by the payment of the requisite fine and costs; after which, pursuant to orders, she immediately left the State, taking with her one of her children. After some time, she returned for another child, who was left behind with his father, supposing that by going late in the evening, and returning before daylight in the morning, she could pass undisturbed. In this, however, she was mistaken; for about midnight she was dragged from her bed, and again immured in prison, from whence she will probably be sold into slavery, unless she pays a fine of \$500, with the costs of her arrest, confinement and trial, a sum which she is utterly unable to raise herself, and which it is hardly to be expected her friends will pay for her. Comment upon such atrocities is unnecessary. Those whose hearts are buried with the indignation at the late case of John Brown, who does not blush when he reflects upon the stigma, which such proceedings cast upon his age and country, must be led to all the more generous and exalting feelings of his nature, and lost to all sense of national degradation.

In addition to the injuries inflicted by the regular execution of laws and regulations, the people of color are exposed to gross impositions from lawless and abandoned men, who take advantage of its existence to extort money for their private use from those unsuspecting and unoffending individuals who may be induced to visit the State in ignorance of the law in question, or in confidence of that protection which integrity of purpose and innocence of conduct naturally secure, even against the most lawless and unprincipled of our countrymen. Many cases of this kind are known; and many more have doubtless occurred; for such outrages upon law and justice may be perpetrated in open day, and so far as yet appear, without punishment.

There is, however, some feeling manifested in our sister State in view of these things. The moral sense of a portion of the inhabitants revolts at the idea of executing their laws, and some efforts are making there to get up a defence at the approaching trial, by pleading the unconstitutionality of the act in question. This proceeding, if successful, will be a very important movement in the ultimate consequences of which cannot be foreseen; but we have every reason to hope, that the cause of universal liberty will be advanced thereby.

I have another extract from the same Report, in which the doctrine that we ought to wait for a special revelation before we engage in the anti-slavery cause, is brought to the test and clearly shown to be absurd and preposterous. This extract I will furnish for the Standard of next week. Multitudes will rejoice to see it. At the close of the meeting, I accompanied the highly esteemed President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, LINSEY COATES, to his home in Salisbury; and, on the following day, went with him to Lancaster, where he executed a legal instrument, intended to secure to our Society a bequest made to its Treasury in the will of Allen Luper, late of Marshall County, Tennessee. As this bequest has not been noticed in the Standard, it may be well to state, that Mr. Luper ordered his Executors to sell a tract of 600 acres of land, to the best advantage in their power, and to divide the proceeds equally between six different Societies, at the head of which he placed the American Anti-Slavery Society. Objection was made to the allowance of this item in the will, on the ground that the Societies are not incorporated, and that our Society is contrary to the laws of Tennessee, and to the rights and interests of every slaveholding community. The Court ordered that the Societies be made parties to the will, and that they be called upon to file their answers to the complaint. The instrument executed by our President, (in conjunction with L. T. Hopper, Treasurer) was the answer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, prepared by E. W. Chester of this city, and showing conclusively, that the principles and objects of our Society are peaceful and constitutional, and calculated to promote the highest good of the citizens of Tennessee. I entertain a strong hope that we shall obtain our portion of the bequest, which will probably amount to eight or nine hundred dollars; but whether we do or not, we ought to rejoice at so favorable an opportunity to spread our principles before an important legal tribunal in the Southern States. The moral influence of such a bequest, showing as it does that Southern men are watching our movements with interest, and looking to them with confidence and hope, as the means of abolishing slavery,—cannot be lost, even if we fail to receive the money which a repentant slaveholder (for such was Mr. Luper) intended to place in our Treasury.

I heard much while in Chester County respecting fugitives from slavery, scores of whom pass through that region every year. One venerable old man, a member of the Society of Friends, told me that he had entertained no less than forty under his own roof within the last five months; and another Friend stated, that during a period of twenty-one days, they had passed through his neighborhood at the rate of one for every day. Public sentiment has undergone so great a change that the slaveholder is sure to be baffled, if he attempts, even where the forms of law are in his favor, to regain his flying property. A righteous public opinion in the States will ere long throw around the fugitive slave a wall far more impregnable than any statutory provisions, and before which the forms of unrighteous law will be as powerless as the withs which were rent asunder by Samson.

I intended, when I left home, to return immediately after the Coatesville meeting; but I was induced to alter my determination in order to attend a meeting of the Bucks County Society, at the school-house near Dolington, in Upper Makefield, on Saturday, August 28. I went to this meeting in company with Thomas Earle, whose deep interest in the political aspects of our cause is so well known, and who has heretofore been considered a staunch advocate of the third party. I am glad to know, that while he does not quite agree with the position taken by the American Anti-Slavery Society on this question, he is no longer a member and supporter of the third party. He has no faith in the success of a political party, which has no principles upon any other question than slavery. Such a party will contain within itself the seeds of its own dissolution.

On arriving at the place of meeting, we found an audience, respectable for numbers, already convened.—Benjamin Shaw was present to advocate his favorite scheme, and an animated discussion of the political bearings of slavery was speedily commenced. The meeting, with but one dissenting voice, passed a resolution condemning the conduct of those who support pro-slavery candidates at the polls; but the third party appeared to find but few supporters—so few, indeed, that our friend Shaw did not seem disposed to press the resolution on that subject to a vote. The meeting commenced at 3 o'clock, P. M. and adjourned about sunset. Before the adjournment, however, I was favored with an opportunity to present very briefly the claims of the American Society, and to call for contributions on the Dollar Plan. Considering that the call was unexpected, a respectable number gave their names as subscribers on that plan. I was welcomed by many with a cordiality which made me forget that I was among strangers; and having agreed to lecture on the following day, at the school-house in New Prospect, I accepted the proffered hospitality of Jacob Trege, a member of the Society of Friends, and spent the night at his house. The time appointed for my lecture was 3 o'clock, P. M. On reaching the place, I found a large and intelligent audience already convened. After my lecture, I called for subscriptions on the Dollar Plan, and the call was promptly responded to by a considerable number of individuals.

At the close of the meeting I went home with that staunch and intelligent friend of our cause, William H. Johnson, of Buckingham, with whom and his family I was glad of an opportunity to become acquainted. He is an ardent friend of the various reformatory associations of the day, and many of them owe much to his faithful and persevering labors.

I received during my absence \$84.00 on the Dollar Plan, and quite a number of new subscribers for the Standard. Whenever I went, I found warm friends of our Society, and most cheering indications that the cause is making sure and healthy progress. On the part of opponents, there was a readiness to converse, and a willingness to listen candidly to arguments and facts, which I never found before. I was particularly pleased to find so many hearty abolitionists, who belonged to the Society of Friends. I answered many eager inquiries respecting the recent proceedings of the New-York Monthly meeting in relation to three members of our Executive Committee. These proceedings are doing much to awaken Friends from apathy, and to open their eyes to the withering influences of a pro-slavery spirit upon a portion of their Society. The prominent actors in these proceedings will find few to defend their cause out of their own immediate and prejudiced circle. Friends will not always "look the innocent thought" which oppression never fails to excite in the honest mind.

Yours, faithfully,

OLIVER JOHNSON.

New-York, September 5, 1841.

*A part of this sum was collected before my arrival, by that intelligent friend of our cause, James Fulton, Jr. of East Falkfield.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN, 18 of 8th month, 1841.

RESPECTED FRIEND:

Though personally unknown to me, I feel inclined to tell thee somewhat of a colored stranger, a citizen of thy land, who has lately come among us, and gained for himself many Irish friends. Need I inform thee that his name is Charles Lenox Remond? He was not entirely unknown when he arrived in Dublin a few weeks since. A few individuals, comprising the Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society—of little influence, and that not increased by their attachment to the Old Organization, welcomed him among them. Having but small funds, they resolved to ask the gratuitous use of some house devoted to public worship. They first went to the Independents, among whom are some liberal spirits; they were treated courteously, but their request was refused. An application to the Methodists met with a similar fate; because they said "the object was not a strictly religious one."

The Scots Church, and the Friends were, however, opened for the advocate of oppressed humanity. In them he has delivered six lectures, showing the blighting effects of slavery upon all concerned in it; proving it to be a system begun in violence, and sustained by violence, and therefore productive of nothing but evil, and that continually.

He alluded to the low state of the churches in America, many of whose members were not ashamed to assert that the Bible sanctioned slavery, and that God himself approved a system involving in its inevitable consequences the violation of every commandment in the decalogue.

He urged upon Christians here, that they had a solemn duty to perform in this matter; that their distance from this withering and demoralizing system, by no means cleared them of all responsibility; that the Christian's motto was, "Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind!" that it was an especial privilege that they should have to do, until the temple ceased to be a den of thieves.

He urged one plea which I would gladly see pressed home upon every Irish heart, with all the force it deserves. It is the fact that thousands from this island annually swell your numbers by emigration. Whether they know it or not, and whether they wish it or not, they cannot remain neuter on this question; they must either become abolitionists, or else their influence will go in favor of slavery. Truly I feel that this consideration should nerve every lover of the Emerald Isle to spread anti-slavery principles through the whole length and breadth of our land—that when our countrymen leave their native shores for the great American asylum, they may not only be examples of total abstinence to the drunkard, but harbingers of freedom to the slave, by a hearty co-operation with those who are working for his deliverance.

Our friend Remond's visit here will, I trust, leave lasting results. Long may he preserve his modesty, but his bright ornament in any man's crown! His simplicity, and unobtrusiveness of manner, his earnest and touching eloquence, his indignation and manly sorrow at the mean prejudice which measures merit by the color of the skin, have all conspired to insure him an abiding place in the warm affection of Irish hearts.

I rejoice to say, that prejudice against color has no ex-

istence here. Charles Remond has been introduced into the very best society our little circle affords. I should like to have some of your "colorophiles" aristocrats see him surrounded here by lovely and well-educated women, all anxious to pay him that respectful attention, which his character and mission so well deserve.

At the concluding meeting an address from the Irish nation to their countrymen in America was agreed upon, with great enthusiasm. The address has probably reached you through the medium of our newspapers by this time. It will have, I trust, at least 100,000 signatures; it could have millions, if we had but time and patience to ask for them.

I assure you, the Irish feeling burns high against slavery. The poor, as usual, are most enthusiastic in the good work. Men and women, who live by hard toil, are willing to devote a portion of their earnings to carry round this document, in hopes that the earnest appeal will reach the hearts of their countrymen in America. May the echo of it ring through your land as the voice of a people that abhor slavery!

Perhaps Remond's last lecture was

Reader, canst thou peruse the foregoing narrative unmoved? Canst thou behold such complicated misery and not sympathize with the sufferers? If Jesus wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus, and if Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not, what must be the anguish of a mother on beholding her children shut up like a company of brute animals, waiting to be sold to the highest bidder? separated and carried to a distant place to toil out their lives in worse than Egyptian bondage? My soul abhors the idea that any Christian can contemplate such horrible scenes unmoved.

Who can, for a moment, tolerate a system fraught with so much guilt and misery? Who can remain an idle spectator of it, and yet feel untroubled by his own conscience?

This case brings to my recollection some remarks of General Eaton, when in Tunis, which may form a suitable appendix to the foregoing narrative.

The Tunisians had taken 920 Saracens and sold them as slaves; of whom he thus speaks:

"Many of them have died of grief, and the others linger on a life less tolerable than death. Alas, remorse seizes my whole soul when I reflect that this is indeed but a copy of the very barbarity which my eyes have seen in my native country. And yet we boast of liberty and justice. How frequently in the Southern States of my own country have I seen weeping mothers leading the guiltless infant to the sales, with as deep anguish as if they led them to the slaughter, and yet felt my bosom tranquil in the view of these agonizing and defenceless humanity; but when I see the same cruelties practised upon beings whose complexion and blood claim kinship with my own, I curse the perpetrators and weep over the wretched victims of their rapacity. Indeed truth and justice demand from me the confession that the Christian slaves, among the barbarians of Africa, are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among professing Christians of civilized America; and yet here sensibility bleeds at every pore for the wretched whom fate has doomed to slavery."—*Life of General Eaton.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1841.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

We ask, my we entreat, every reader of the Standard to examine, candidly and thoughtfully, the extracts we shall give, from time to time, from the very able Report on this subject, by Mr. O'Sullivan.

Those who are tenacious of "an idea," (if there be any such,) may deem this subject out of place in anti-slavery columns; but it is not so. All sanguinary laws, all social influences of a hardening nature, have helped to make us a slavholding people, and will continually tend to re-create the public sentiment that keeps us so. Every thing that humanizes the heart, or enlightens the reason, is an anti-slavery agent.

The extract in to-day's paper relates merely to the scriptural argument; which would not legitimately connect itself with legislative action, were it not that, in the minds of good men, capital punishment finds its chief, almost its only support, in the belief that it is enjoined by the Bible.

In future extracts, arguments will be brought, and very conclusive ones, to prove that policy requires the abolition of this sanguinary feature of our law, even if religious sentiment and humane feeling were entirely out of the question.

Mr. O'Sullivan, the author of the Report, showed himself a consistent Democrat, in the Legislature of the past year, by voting for the repeal of the "nine months' law;" and now he is devoting the prime of his youth, and the power of a highly gifted mind, to the benevolent work of which we are speaking. All he deems necessary to effect his humane purpose, is to scatter widely these facts and arguments, which form an enlightened public opinion; and then have this opinion manifested in abundant petitions.

Will not benevolent people in New-York see that petitions on this subject are numerous, signed, and sent into the Legislature at the coming session?

This seems to be a subject in which the Society of Friends can engage with peculiar appropriateness. Will they not enter into the good work so zealously, that every Meeting in the State shall be heard from in the Legislature? They alone can repeal this law, if they will set about it in earnest.

RESPONSIBILITY.

For what am I responsible? Simply, for obedience or disobedience to the dictates of my own conscience. All I have to do in the world is my own duty, according to the light revealed to me from time to time.

Reformers trouble themselves with an unnecessary and most onerous load of responsibility. The assertion that slavery is, under all circumstances, a sin against God and man, excites fear lest some pious slavholder should deem himself unjustly dealt, and disunion in the church arise therefrom.

I am not responsible for disunion in the church. I am responsible for her own distractions; for she prepared the way for them, when she made a compromise with sin. She must learn the meaning of the words, "first purity, and then peace." My mission is to announce truth, and live in conformity thereto.

"But there are some truly Christian slavholders," say they; "such as the Rev. Mrs. Rice, of Virginia, and the benevolent Thomas Clay, of Georgia. Will you not prejudice their minds, and drive them back, by calling all slavholders sinners?"

The responsibility rests on themselves, whether they go back or forward. Be assured, God has not left them without a witness in their own hearts, if they will but listen to it. The high mission of sustaining a principle is given to me, and I must be faithful to my trust.

I cannot leave my work for the hopeless task of graduating truth to the feelings of all sorts and conditions of men. Uttered in its purity, without admixture of personal resentment, or party rancor, it is good for reproof and for doctrine unto all. I take no pleasure in giving pain to the Rev. Mrs. Rice, or to the "benevolent Thomas Clay." They may avoid in amiable qualities, to which I am willing to give all due praise; but nevertheless, in holding slaves, however humanely, they commit sin.

Moreover, they use their moral influence in such a manner, that they stand side by side with the cruel scourger, the bloody hyacinth, and the selfish profligate, let them look to be wounded by the arrows that are falling thick and fast upon them from the armory of Truth.

There never was a reform started in the world, the opponents of which were all equally bad. Some of those persecuting old Romans, who condemned Christians to the jaws of the lion, were honestly alarmed at what

seemed to them a new and dangerous heresy, sweeping away all the old landmarks of theology among them. Some of them, doubtless, were very scrupulous in the offering of sacrifices and oblations, and were kind and just in many of their social relations.

The priests of Luther's time were not all licentious, avaricious, or hypocritical. Many a humble follower of God, many a kind friend of the poor, stood apart from the corruption around them, and perhaps succeeded in persuading themselves that in doing this they did their whole duty. But Luther had better work to do than filling all these exceptions to the general sin. The responsibility rested with them, not with him.

Some of our anti-slavery friends seem to think they are bound first to decide upon the Christian character of every individual connected with the cause, before they can co-operate with him for a benevolent object. This is altogether a superfluous labor, to say nothing of its utter hopelessness. While you sit in judgment upon the Christianity of a brother's creed, he may, with equal authority, sit in judgment upon yours.

Assuredly there are "limits to human responsibility." If the saints are to judge the world, the onerous duty does not at least devolve upon them in this life.—*L. M. C.*

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 4.

New-York enjoys a great privilege, in facility and cheapness of communication with many beautiful places in the vicinity. For 6 cents one can exchange the hot and dusty city, for Staten Island, Jersey, or Hoboken; 3 cts. will convey you to Brooklyn, and 12-12 pays for a most beautiful sail of ten miles, to Fort Lee. In addition to the charm of rural beauty, all these places are bathed by the sea.

The Indians, named the beautiful lake of New England Win-ne-pesauk-ey, (by corruption, Winnepego,) which means the Smile of the Great Spirit. I always think of this name, so expressively poetic, whenever I see sunbeams or moonbeams glancing on the sea.

Because this feature is wanting in the landscape, I think our beautiful Massachusetts Brookline,—with its graceful, feathery elms, its majestic old oaks, its innumerable hidden nooks of greenery, and Jamaica Pond, that lovely, lucid mirror of the water nymphs,—is scarcely equal to Hoboken. I saw it for the first time in the early evening of spring, and under the mild light of the declining sun. A small open glade, with natural groves in the rear, and the sea at its feet, bears the imposing name of Elysian Fields. The scene is one where a poet's disembodied spirit might be well content to wander; but, alas, the city intrudes her vices into this beautiful sanctuary of nature. There stands a public house, with its bar room, and bowling alley, a place of resort for the idle and the profligate; kept within the bounds of decorum, however, by the constant presence of respectable visitors.

Near this house, I found two tents of Indians. These children of the forest, like the monks of olden time, always had a fine eye for the picturesque. Wherever you find a ruined monastery, or the remains of an Indian encampment, you may be sure you have discovered the loveliest site in all the surrounding landscape.

A fat little papoose, round as a tub, with eyes like black beads, attracted my attention by the comical awkwardness of its trunnings movements. I entered into conversation with the parents, and found they belonged to the remnant of the Penobscot tribe. This, as Sir Walter Scott says, was "picking up a dropped stitch" in the adventures of my life.

"Ah," said I, "I once ate supper with your tribe in a hemlock forest, on the shores of the Kennebec. Is the old chief, Capt. Neptune, yet alive?"

They almost clapped their hands with delight, to find one who remembered Capt. Neptune. I inquired for Elnahs, his nephew, and this was to them another familiar word, which it gave them to hear.

Long forgotten scenes were restored to memory, and the images of early youth stood distinctly before me. I seemed to see old Neptune and his handsome nephew, a tall, athletic youth of most graceful proportions. I always used to think of Elnahs, when I read of Benjamin West's exclamation, the first time he saw the Apollo Belvidere: "My God! how like a young Mohawk warrior!"

But for years I had not thought of the majestic young Indian, until the meeting in Hoboken again brought him to my mind. I seemed to see him as I saw him last—the very dandy of his tribe—with a broad band of shining brass about his hat, a circle of silver on his breast, tied with scarlet ribbons, and a long belt of curiously wrought wampum hanging to his feet. His uncle stood quietly by, puffing his pipe, undisturbed by the consciousness of wearing a crushed hat and a dirty blanket.

With girlish curiosity, I raised the heavy tassels of the wampum belt, and said playfully to the old man, "Why don't you wear such an one as this?"

"What for we wear ribbons and beads?" he replied: "No we no want to catch 'em square."

He spoke in the loud, impetuous tone of his race; but there was a satirical twinkle in his small black eye, as if he had sufficiently learned the tricks of civilization, to enjoy nightly jokes upon women.

We purchased a basket in the Elysian Fields, as a memento of these ghosts of the Past; preferring an unfinished one of pure white willow, unprofaned by darts of red and yellow.

Last week I again saw Hoboken in the full glory of moonlight. Seen thus, it is beautiful beyond imagining. The dark, thickly shaded groves, where flickering shadows play fantastic gambols with the moonlight; the water peeping here and there through the foliage, like the laughing face of a friend; the high, steep banks, wooded down to the margin of the river; the deep loneliness, interrupted only by the Katy-dids; all conspired to produce an impression of solemn beauty.

If you follow this path, for about three miles from the landing-place, you arrive at Weehawken; celebrated as the place where Hamilton fought his fatal duel with Burr, and where his son likewise fell in a duel, the year preceding. The place is difficult of access; but hundreds of men and women have there engraven their names on a rock nearly as hard as adamant. A monument to Hamilton was here erected at considerable expense; but it became the scene of such frequent duels, that the gentleman who raised it caused it to be broken into fragments; it is still, however, frequented for the same bad purpose. What a lesson to distinguished men to be careful of the moral influence they exert! I probably admire Hamilton with less enthusiasm than those who fully sympathize with his conservative tendencies; but I find so much to reverence in the character of this early friend of Washington, that I can never sufficiently regret the silly cowardice that led him into so fatal an error. Yet would I speak of it gently, as Pierpont does in his political poem:

"Wert thou spotless in thy exit? Nay:
Not spotless is the monarch of the day:
Still but one cloud shall o'er thy face be cast—
And that shall shade no action, but thy fate."

A fine statue of Hamilton was wrought by Ball Hughes, which, like all resemblances of him, forcibly reminded one of Wm. Pitt. It was placed in the Exchange, in Wall-st., and was crushed into atoms by the falling in of the roof, at the great fire of 1837. The artist stood gazing on the scene with listless despair; and when his favorite production of his genius, on which he had bestowed the labor of two long years, fell beneath the ruins, he sobbed and wept like a very child.

The little spot at Weehawken, which led to this digression about Hamilton, is one of the last places which should be decorated by the evil passions of man. It is as lovely as a nook of Paradise, before Satan entered its gardens. Where the steep, well wooded bank descends to the sea, half way down is a level glade of verdant grass, completely embowered in foliage. The bright sea peeps between the twining boughs, like light through the rich tracery of Gothic windows; and the cheerful twittering of birds alone mingles with the measured cadence of the sea.

With sorrow we record the death of ROBERT SENEZ, an distinguished member of the New-York bar, who was respected for his social and domestic virtues. Though not a member of any anti-slavery society, he was in heart and principle an abolitionist; and he well deserves our lasting gratitude for the promptness and ability with which, as a lawyer, he was ever ready to sustain the rights of the oppressed. He died of a second attack of apoplexy, on the 2d of Sept., at Sachem's Head, Conn., where he was staying for the benefit of the air.

dence of the plashing waves. Here Hamilton fought his duel, just as the sun was rising:

"Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue of summer's day, in beauty leading 'er him—
The city bright below, and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay."

"Tall pine, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters beat,
Green life, and circling shores, all blended there,
In wild reality."

We descended, to return to the steambath, by an open path on the river's edge. The high bank among whose silent groves we had been walking, now rose above our heads, in precipitous masses of rugged stone, here and there broken into recesses, which, in the evening light, looked like darksome caverns. Trees bent over the very edge of the summit, and their uncared roots twisted among the rocks like huge serpents. On the other side lay the broad Hudson in the moonlight, its waves rippling up to the shore with a cool, refreshing sound.

All else was still—still—so fearfully still, that one might almost count the beatings of the heart. That my heart did beat, I acknowledge; for here was the supposed scene of the *Mary Rogers' tragedy*; and though the recollection of her name to me no uneasiness, I could not forget that quiet, lovely path we were treading was near to the city, with its thousand bells, and frightfully easy of access.

We spoke of the murdered girl, as we passed the beautiful promontory near the Sybil's cave, where her body was found, lying half in and half out of the water. A few steps further on, we encountered the first human beings we had met during the whole of our long ramble—two young women, singing with a somewhat sad constraint, as if to keep their courage up.

I had visited the Sybil's cave in the day time; and should have entered its dark mouth by the moonlight, had not the aforesaid remembrances of the city haunted me like evil spirits.

We Americans, you know, are so fond of classic names that we call a village Athens, if it has but three houses, painted red to blush for their own ugliness. Whence this cave derives its imposing title I cannot tell. It is in fact rather a pretty little place, cut out of soft stone, in rude imitation of a Gothic interior. A rock in the centre, scooped out like a baptismal font, contains a spring of cool, sweet water. The entire labor of cutting out this cave was performed by one poor Scotchman, with chisel and hammer. He worked upon it an entire year; and probably could not have completed it in less than six months, had he given every day of his time. He expected to derive considerable profit by selling draughts from the spring, and keeping a small fruit-stand near it. But alas for the vanity of human expectations! a few weeks after he completed his laborious task, he was driven off the grounds, unrequited by the proprietor.

A little before 9, we returned to the city. There was a strong breeze, and the boat bounded over the waves, producing that delightful sensation of elasticity and vigor, which one feels when riding a free and fiery steed. The moon, obscured by fleecy clouds, shone with a saddened glory; rockets rose from Castle Garden, and dropped their blazing jewels on the billowy bosom of the sea; the lamps of the city gleamed in the distance; and with painful pity for the homeless street-wanderer, I gratefully remembered that one of those distant lights illuminated a home, where true and honest hearts were ever ready to bid me welcome. Farewell.

Yours affectionately, L. M. C.

Erratum.—In letter No. 3 from New-York, in the last Standard, a short sentence was accidentally left out by the printer, and the omission not noticed in reading the proof. It is here printed in italics:

Hence to some, the divine image presents itself habitually as a dark, solemn shadow, saddening the gladness of earth, like thunder-clouds reflected on the fair mirror of the sea. *To others the religious sentiment is the soul what spring is in the season, flowers to the eye, and music to the ear.* In the greatest proportion of minds these sentiments are mixed, and therefore two images are reflected, one to be worshipped with love, the other with fear.

Fit Green Hallock's Weehawken.

While writing the editorial article under this heading, last week, we were unable to find the Governor's message to refer to, and therefore quoted from a newspaper of the time. A correspondent writes:—*My misrepresentation* Mr. Everett, on one point. He did not say that, in his opinion, the abolitionists were indictable. The substance of what he said was this: "That it had been declared by high judicial authority, indictable at Common Law to publish, even here, documents having an immovable tendency to excite insurrection in another State. *However this might be*, he would appeal to the patriotism of his fellow citizens who were urging the question of slavery."

The judicial authority referred to, was Judge Thatcher, of the City Court, Boston.

EDWARD EVERETT.

While writing the editorial article under this heading, last week, we were unable to find the Governor's message to refer to, and therefore quoted from a newspaper of the time. A correspondent writes:—*My misrepresentation* Mr. Everett, on one point. He did not say that, in his opinion, the abolitionists were indictable. The substance of what he said was this: "That it had been declared by high judicial authority, indictable at Common Law to publish, even here, documents having an immovable tendency to excite insurrection in another State. *However this might be*, he would appeal to the patriotism of his fellow citizens who were urging the question of slavery."

The judicial authority referred to, was Judge Thatcher, of the City Court, Boston.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The case of this Friend is deferred to the next Monthly meeting, for further consideration. Whether the Society in this city see small cause to be satisfied with what they have done, and deem it expedient to stop where they are, we know not. But from indications of feeling in various parts of the country, we should draw the conclusion that the Society at large were by no means satisfied with their proceedings.

To defer the case, with a view of obtaining concessions from Charles Marriott, would of course be useless. That gentleman of spirit would willingly and humbly apologize for any error committed; but in this matter he has obeyed the voice of God within him, and he will be faithful and true to the end.

AGENTS.

RICHARD HOOD, of Danvers, Massachusetts, has been appointed, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, a financial agent, to travel and collect funds for the Treasury, and subscriptions for the Standard, in Central and Western New-York. We cordially recommend him to the confidence and hospitality of our anti-slavery friends in that region; trusting they will show their faith in our cause by their works.

OLIVER JOHNSON has been appointed by the Executive Committee of the same Society, to make a short visit, as a lecturing and financial agent, to some parts of Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Johnson is too well known as a faithful, indefatigable, and efficient friend of our cause, at most from its commencement, to need any recommendation at our hands. We trust our brethren of the West will sustain him with their characteristic warmth of heart and energy of purpose.

The publisher of the Herald of Freedom is requested to send his paper, one year, to Lydia Barnard, Unionville, Chester county, Pa. and draw on H. W. Williams, 25 Cornhill, Boston, for the pay.

NOTICES.

On the fourth day of last week, at the house of Owen Churchmen, Henry-st., New-York, BARTHOLOMEW FUSSELL, M. D., of Philadelphia, to REBECCA C. HEWES, of New-York city.

Dr. Fussell was one of the signers of the Declaration of Sentiment, at the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia. From that time to the present, he has been a faithful and liberal friend of the cause, more careful that our principles should not be compromised, than that our numbers should be increased. The blessing of God be with them.

DEATH.

With sorrow we record the death of ROBERT SENEZ, an distinguished member of the New-York bar, who was respected for his social and domestic virtues. Though not a member of any anti-slavery society, he was in heart and principle an abolitionist; and he well deserves our lasting gratitude for the promptness and ability with which, as a lawyer, he was ever ready to sustain the rights of the oppressed. He died of a second attack of apoplexy, on the 2d of Sept., at Sachem's Head, Conn., where he was staying for the benefit of the air.

We understand that two men from Warsaw were the persons engaged in the attempt to capture the blacks above alluded to. They fled, we are informed, on the conclusion of the affair, to avoid being arrested in Indiana. An intelligent citizen of Indiana has mentioned to us a rumor that the Governor of that State is about to demand their surrender. If so, a serious difficulty may possibly grow out of the business.—*Lancaster Journal.*

Anti-Slavery Items.

A WIFE SOLD.—The following is from the Richmond Enquirer, Virginia. We have little doubt that the woman is one of those numerous victims, really free but unable to satisfy the law, which supposes them to be slaves, unless they can prove to the contrary; and that, too, while witnesses. Thousand of such, after lying in jail awhile are sold to pay the jail fees.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR THE DELIVERY OF MY WOMAN, PHIBBE MARBLETON, or, as she is sometimes called, PHIBBE HARRIS, who left my house on Monday, the 24th instant. I have reason to believe that she will make for the neighborhood of Elisha Jackson's in Louisiana where she formerly lived, and I believe her husband—she may be lurking about the suburbs of the city. She may try to pass herself off for a free woman, which is not the case, as I purchased her of the Sergeant of the City of Richmond, by whom she was sold for jail fees. She is about 30 or 35 years of age, large size, a dark mulatto, has quite a beard, and has rather a pleasant countenance. I will pay the above reward, on her delivery to me, at the office of this paper. JAMES GUEST.

Richmond, May 28, 1841.

BAPTIST CONVENTION.—The Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention has been held. It enrolled the names of 210 abolitionists as members. In addition to these, abolitionists who were not Baptists, and Baptists who were not abolitionists, participated, by invitation, in the discussions.

The Friend of Man says: "A series of resolutions on the sin of slavery, as connected with the churches, was ably discussed, and adopted with great unanimity and firmness. They were proposed by A. M. Beecher, of Utica, editor of the Baptist Register, who commenced by taking the ground that, as an American citizen, he could join in the condemnation of slavery, but that, as disciples of Christ, the convention had no right to do it, because slavery is a political institution, and Christ's kingdom is not of this world."

It is generally supposed that Mr. Everett's nomination will be confirmed.

An act has passed the House authorizing Mr. Harrison to receive all packages transmitted by mail free of expense.

The same privilege was conferred on Mrs. Madison, on account of the prodigious expense attending her numerous letters.

The Governor of New-York has issued a Proclamation offering a reward of *Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars* to any one who shall give information resulting in the conviction, either in this State or in New Jersey, of any person guilty of the violation and murder of Mary C. Rogers.

McLeod.—At Whiteston, the Sheriff armed the citizens, and placed a guard round the jail, in consequence of a report that a hundred Canadians were resolved to rescue the prisoner. It however proved a false alarm.

Mr. Holbrook not Dead.—The report that this gentleman was murdered in Mexico is not true. He is alive and well, and writes to his father an account of the attack of the robbers, and of the murder of Mr. Amory, a mill-wright, of Newton, Mass.

Great Fair.—The Fair of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in New-York on the 11th of October. A magnificent display is expected in every department of agriculture and manufactures.

Greenville Mailed.—This well known poet died a few days since, in this city. He had recently returned from an unavailing visit to Cuba, for the recovery of his health.

Riot and Mob.—A member of the St. Louis Bar, who visited the Kaskaskia court at the late term, to prosecute the claims of a negro to his freedom, was violently assaulted and mobbed by a portion of the citizens.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Assault.—Ex-Senator Roane, of Virginia, was nearly killed by a slave of one of his neighbors, who beat him with a heavy bludgeon, in consequence of his attempting to investigate the contents of a bundle he carried. He is likely to recover.

Prison.—The family of a Mr. Hyde, of Nacogdoches, Texas, were nearly poisoned, some short time since, by drinking coffee impregnated with the seeds of the Jamestown weed—a poisonous vegetable. The cook and a negro man, have been lodged in prison on suspicion.

Mr. Nathaniel, of Danbury, was killed on Saturday last, by taking a dose of corrosive sublimate and camphor, through mistake. The staff had been prepared and placed on a shelf, for bedbugs. He was about sixty years of age.

Rum.—Russell Baggis, a poor drunkard, died on the 23d ult. from the effects of drinking brandy. The Jury found that he came to his death by drinking six times in one hour, and an officer is in pursuit of one Kinyon, who gave him the liquor.

Law in Texas.—In one of the counties, it seems that a man named McHenry was elected Judge, after a close contest. One of his opponents was arraigned for murder. His friends assembled to effect his rescue. Judge Hansford left the Bench, when the Jury elected a Foreman, who took the Judge's place and the trial went on. The prisoner was finally acquitted, and forthwith discharged.

He immediately, with his friends, arrested Judge McHenry for negro stealing, and had him put in jail at Natchitoches.

Shower of Blood.—Near Lebanon, Tenn., there lately fell a shower which had every appearance of being composed of coagulated blood and flesh. It was from forty to sixty yards in width, and six or eight hundred in length. The negroes who were at work in the field, said a small red cloud passed swiftly over their heads from east to west. Many gentlemen examined the drops, and found them offensive to the palate.

In explanation of this singular phenomenon, which excited considerable superstitious alarm, it is suggested that many species of butterflies, when they emerge from the chrysalis, discharge a reddish fluid resembling the drops observed in Tennessee.

Horrible.—An infant about four months old, was found stung to death by insects, in the woods near Milan, Ohio. It was exposed by its cruel mother, Mary C. Godfrey. She and the supposed father, Jonathan Cole, are committed to jail for trial.

LYNCHERS.

A correspondent of the New-York Herald, writing from Chicago, thus speaks of the two Driscalls, father and son, we mentioned some time ago as shot by a mob of lynchers, on suspicion of having killed a Mr. Campbell, who had made himself unpopular by arresting horse-thieves in that region.

"A detached division of the lynching men seized a son of the old man, called Wm. Driscall, telling him he was suspected of being concerned in the murder of Campbell. He protested his innocence and declared all he had ever said was, that 'if people wished to stop the lynchers, they must shoot one of their leaders, as was done in Iowa.'"

His friends (the most respectable part of DeKalb County) said he should not go; that they would protect him. The lynchers thereupon promised that he should have a fair and impartial trial before a justice of the peace, and he was allowed to summon his own witnesses. These terms seemed fair enough; and witnesses were summoned.—Arrived at the appointed place, instead of hearing their evidence, the witnesses were put under a strong guard, and threatened with death if they made any resistance.

The old man was led out. He made no confession—not a word. A parson (one of the lynchers) stepped out and prayed for him an hour. He knelt, and then, wearing a handkerchief round his eyes, sent him to his bed, by firing forty bullets into him.

The son was then led forward, and kneeling, was shot down beside his father.

The old man might have been guilty; but the young man was beyond doubt an innocent being. Men who have known him for twenty-seven years can testify to his correct life. Not a single charge could they bring against either of them. As they lay upon the ground a few pieces of brush were thrown over them. A coroner's inquest was held a few days after, and returned a verdict of wilful murder.

After these things, the gang went to the old man's house, took his wife and children out on the prairie, and burned the dwelling before their eyes.

Death was threatened to any who tendered relief to the family. Wm. Driscall's wife has gone crazy. The old man's farm, and the son's who ran away, are standing idle. Fine crops of grain and no one daring to touch them. Such are the facts, to my certain knowledge, as I was there during the excitement."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

For the week ending 9th mo. (Sept.) 7.

For the Standard.—Dr. Kersey Thomas, for subscribers at Marlborough, Stark Co. Ohio, \$10; Jacob Miller, Horatio Roby, Thomas White, Samuel Holmes, Henry Ball, John Forbes and Hugh B. Shearer, all of Leesville, Carroll Co. Ohio, \$10.50. Each of the following persons have paid \$2: Luther Melendy, Josiah W. Pillsbury, Peppercorn, Mass.; Elijah Fish, Morrillville, Bucks Co. Pa.; Mary B. Thomas, Downingtown, Chester Co. Pa.; William Jackson, Arvondale, Chester Co. Pa.; Charles Hamilton, Russellville, Chester Co. Pa.; Martha Ann Griffith, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa.; Joseph Smith, Chesnut Level, Lancaster Co. Pa.; Jesse K. Marsh, Unionville, Chester Co. Pa.; Susanna Griffith, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa.; John Cox, Hamorton, Chester Co. Pa.; E. Phillips, Kennet Square, Chester Co. Pa.; Samuel Pennington, Conestoga, Chester Co. Pa.; Joseph Worth, Starkeboro' Vt. Andrew Robbins, Grotton, Mass. \$1; Alvah Brown, Littleton, Mass. \$1; Orlando Russell, Grafton, Mass. \$1; Daniel J. Paul, Millbury, Mass. \$1.43.—Total \$52.93.

Donations.—Richard Hall, Littleton, Mass. 50 cts. Mrs. Abby Foster, South Scituate, Mass. \$2. ISAAC T. HOPPER, Treas.

THE MIRROR OF LIBERTY.

I WOULD respectfully inform my friends and patrons, that a consultation of eminent physicians, associated with Dr. Mott, have given the opinion that the blindness, which has so long baffled medical skill, may be removed by a skilful operation.

Feeling an intense desire to look again on the countenances of my friends, and to dispense with the necessity of an amanuensis in my editorial labors, I have resolved to try the experiment.

In the mean time, the Mirror of Liberty will either be conducted by a competent brother, or suspended until my sight is restored. In the latter case, the pledges, donations,

Poetry.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN WOOLMAN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

There is glory to me in thy name,
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child;
More thorough by far than the splendors of fame,
With which the vain world is beguiled:
'Tis the glory of goodness, the praise of the just,
Which outlives even death, and is fragrant in dust.

The Warrior may win for his brow,
The proud victor's chaplet of bay;
But innocent blood sheds a stain on the bough,
And dims its most beautiful ray:
While Humanity turns from the pageant aside;
By the sorrows and sufferings of others supplied.

Success on the bard may bestow
The myrtle-wreath meed of his lays;
And brightly and gaily that trophy may glow,
In the sunshine of popular praise—
But if Virtue have turn'd from his page with disgust,
Soon, soon shall the trophy surrender its trust.

A King in his crown may rejoice:
And Rank of its titles be proud;
The Singer exults in the charm of his voice;
And Pomp in the gaze of a crowd;
And the martyr of wealth, reader! poor by his store,
Be bow'd to by those who his idol adore.

Yet the King must dwell on his throne,
When the day of Jehovah shall come;
And titles be trustless, and Pomp stand alone,
And the voice of the Singer be dumb—
And Mammon, once worshipp'd, be loath'd and abhor'd,
In the just, and the terrible day of the Lord!

Then who with acceptance shall stand
In the presence of glory and light;
Having palm-branch, or ensign, or harp in the hand,
And array'd in apparel of white—
While that volume its awful contents shall reveal,
Which the Lion of Judah alone can unveil!

Even they who, through great tribulation,
Have worshipp'd the Holy I AM!
While spiritual garments are pure, by lavation,
And the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
'Tis these, and these only, by day and by night,
Shall kneel in his temple, and stand in his sight.

From them shall the chorus ascend,
Which shall peal through the confines of space,
Of holy! thrice holy! and praise without end,
Unto God, for the gift of His grace:
And praise to the Lamb, who, for mortals was slain,
Yet liveth, for ever and ever to reign!

In that heavenly and heart-thrilling song,
O Wordman! and silence be thine?
Or wilt thou not join with the jubilate throng,
In Hosannas to divine?
Even such the fruit of Faith whispers for thee,
Nor happier, nor holier, could recompense be.

For since those marvellous days,
When marvellous wonders were rife,
When the blind gaz'd with joy, and the dumb sang with
praise,
And the dead were restor'd unto life—
I know not of one whom my heart could allow,
More worthy the name of APOSTLE than thou.

Though not upon thee were outpour'd
The gifts of that primitive age,
When wonders and signs spoke the power of the Lord,
And baffled Priests, Monarchs, and Sages—
In the heart's secret temple an altar was thine,
And a priesthood was given in the innermost shrine.

Not to outward and visible sense
Did that priesthood or altar appeal;
Yet pure were the oracles utter'd from thence,
And stamped with a questionless seal—
A seal—which the spirit that felt thine conquest
By the power of thy crucifix'd Master impress'd.

His glory alone was thy aim;
His Kingdom's advance was thy scope;
And the Cross which He bore, with its sull'ring and
shame,
The object and end of thy hope!
By faith in this hope was thy spirit sustain'd,
Through that Cross was the crown of apostleship gain'd!

Then well may I think of thy name,
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child!
As ever with'd with a glory more touching than fame,
By which the vain world is beguiled—
That glory by Christ and His Gospel made known,
Which proclaims not thy praise, but thy Master's alone!

CHRISTIAN CALMNESS DISTURBED.

BY CAROLINE FRY.

We walked by the side of the tranquil stream,
That the sun had tinged with his parting beam,
The water was still, and so crystal clear,
That every spray had its image there.

And every reed that o'er it bowed,
And the crimson streak, and the silvery cloud,
And all that was bright, and all that was fair,
And all that was gay, was reflected there.

And they said it was like the chastened breast,
That Religion soothes to a holy rest,
When sorrow has tamed the impassioned eye,
And the bosom reflects its expected sky.

But I took a stone that lay beside,
And cast it far on the glassy tide,
And gone was the charm of the pictured scene,
And the sky so bright, and the landscape green.

And I bade them mark how an idle word,
Too lightly said, and too deeply heard,
Or a harsh reproach, or a look unkind,
May spoil the peace of the heavenly mind.

Though sweet be the peace, and holy the calm,
And the heavenly beam be bright and warm,
The heart that it gilds is all as weak,
As the wave that reflects the crimson streak.

You cannot impede the celestial ray,
That lights the dawn of eternal day;
But so may you trouble the bosom it cheers—
'Twill cease to be true to the image it bears.

PROLOGUE TO THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

BY ELIOT.

For thee, my country, there, I perform,
Steadfast, the duty of a man free,
Headless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandish'd bay, at me;
Alone as Crusoe on the hostile sea,
For thee, for us, for our, do I upraise
The standard of my song: for thine and mine
I tell the knell of England's better days;
And lift my hated voice that mine and thine
May undermine the human form divine.
Perchance that voice, if heard, is heard too late;
The buried dust of Tyne may wake, and sway
Reconquer'd seas: but what shall renovate
The dead-alive, who dread no judgment day?
Souls, whom the lust of gold hath turned to clay?
And what but scorn and slander will reward
The rabble's poet, and his honest song?
Gambler for blanks! thou play'st an idiot's card!
For sure to fail, the weak! at a wrong card!
Ay, but what strength is there whose might is based on
wrong?

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXVII.

With all her wild vagaries, old Juno was perfectly capable of forming a very just estimate of the value of such a friend as the one Cesar had found at Bechtelheim; and not only proudly determined that his enforced absence should not be left unexplained, but moreover, that if it were in the power of an old woman to do it, the kindness manifested should be wrought upon, to become still further useful.

In pursuance of this decision, she set off, on the following morning, for the house of Mr. Steinmark. Notwithstanding her wandering license, she had never entered his premises before; and her shrewd, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

that, he must speak to the poor old negress himself, for that she would communicate her business to no one else.

The lady, who at once determined the kind-hearted German to break through his usual custom, of appointing a deputy; and seating himself beside her, and looking with much interest at her worn and singular figure, he said, in a voice that was indeed the first that she had heard.

"What can I do for you, good woman?" "Speak to me where none other but yourself can hear," replied Juno, with a little touch of mysticism in her tone.

"The words, hardly necessary, I think," replied Steinmark, somewhat suspicious from the tone, that his visitor would prove an impostor; "there are none here but friends. What is it you want of me?"

"Have you never done a good deed," said the old woman, fixing her deep-set eyes upon him, "that might be a saving and a heavenly act if done in private, and yet might prove bloody and mischievous if witnessed?"

The eyes of the whole party were fixed upon Juno as she spoke, and there was not one of them that did not share the suspicion which had at first occurred to Steinmark, that she intended to pass for a fortune teller, a negro sorcerer, a profession not unfrequently adopted by those among the race who attain to an advanced age. It was therefore with considerable surprise that his family, who knew his uncompromising aversion to deception of every kind, saw Frederic Steinmark react in a face which he hardly knew what, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place, but a regular slave-peopled plantation, or farm, than the manner in which the children (the multiplication of this breed of produce being one of the most profitable speculations) are seen lying about in the home state, and in some sort enlightened mind, was powerfully struck by the novel aspect of the whole establishment. In spite of all the sufferings and hated degradation, which the system of slavery had brought upon herself, and the misery she had witnessed from its effects on others, Juno had never yet imagined what human nature could be without it. As she entered the large farm-yard, the first peculiarity that attracted her attention, was the perfect order and neatness which she observed in the place, and the manner in which the general air, so totally unlike the general air that pervades a scene of labor where slaves are employed, that she seated herself on a block of wood beside the entrance, that she might contemplate it at leisure.

"Where," thought Juno, "do they keep all the children?—Maybe they don't hire breeding servants; and then I expect the little ones don't roll and tumble about with the other stock, like ours." In truth, there were no children in the place